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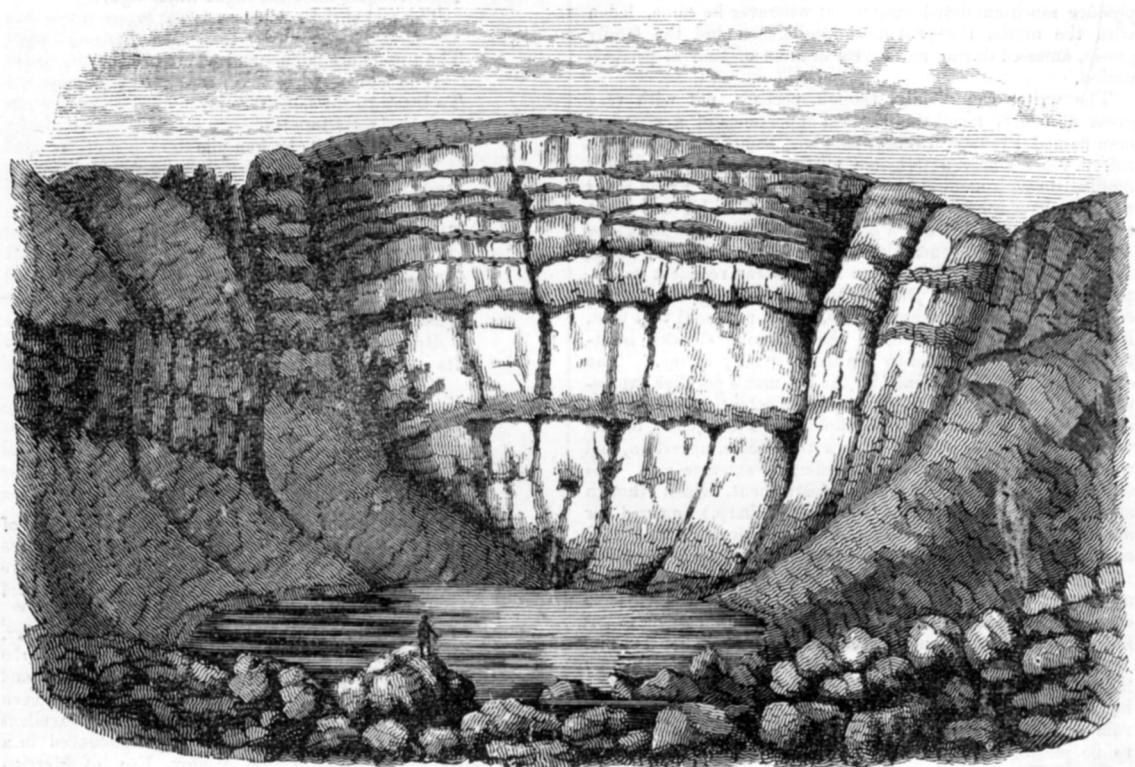
# THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

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*The Lake and Precipice at Coumshenane, County of Waterford.*

## LAKE AND PRECIPICE AT COUMSHENANE.

The above engraving is intended to convey some idea of a lake of considerable extent, and its surrounding scenery, situated in a stupendous chasm on the south east side of one of the highest parts of the Cumberagh mountains, in the county of Waterford. The precipice of solid rock which forms the back ground in our sketch, is upwards of eleven hundred feet in height! and, (comparatively speaking) perpendicular, except where it recedes a few feet occasionally as it rises, presenting the appearance of a succession of gigantic steps, on which the *debris* from the rocks above has, in the course of ages become changed with mould, and covered with verdure; forming a pleasing contrast with the brown conglomerate of the precipice. From either end of this immense wall of living rock, the precipitous banks decline away gradually, at each side of the lake, until at, or immediately below its level, having merged into the surface of the mountain they again become united. The view, (reverse to that above) from the *foot of the precipice*, and looking out over the lake, is truly magnificent—the greater part of the county of Waterford appears as an immense map spread out below the mountain, and in clear weather a line of sea coast of thirty to forty miles in extent is particularly visible.

The lake is of great depth, and from this circumstance, and the prodigious height and gloomy character of the surrounding cliffs, assumes, except just around the margin, an almost *inky* hue; an insignificant stream issues from it, and after descending the mountain, joins the river Clodagh before its passage through the magnificent demesne of Curraghmore, or its far more *useful* operation of giving impulse to the machinery of *Mayfield Cotton Factory*.

This solitary spot, secluded in awful solitude, high amidst the wildest parts of the Cumberagh range of

mountains, was little known or heard of until of later years—it has now, however, become an object of much and increasing interest. Perhaps, with the exception of the Gap of Dunloe at Killarney, the south of Ireland can boast of no scene of *this* character, so stupendous and magnificent.

Coumshenane is distant from Waterford about fourteen miles nearly due west; and from Clonmel nine miles south east.

## SUNSET ON THE LOWER SHANNON.

How beautiful the tints of closing even!  
The dark blue hills, the crimson glow of heaven,  
The shadows purpling o'er the wat'ry scene,  
Now streaked with gold—now tinged with tender green;  
And yon bright path that burns along the deep,  
Ere the sun sinks behind his western steep.  
Soft fades the parting glory through the sky,  
Commingling with the cool aerial dye;  
While every cloud still kindling in the beam,  
In mirrored beauty prints the waveless stream,  
Light barques, with dusky sails, scarce seen to glide,  
Bend their brown shadows o'er the glowing tide;  
And hark! at intervals the sound of oars  
Comes, faint from distance, to the silent shores,  
Blent with the plaintive cadence of the song  
Of boatmen, chanting as they drift along.  
But see the radiant orb now sinks apace—  
Gradual and slow, he stoops his glorious face;  
And now—but half his swelling disk appears—  
And now, how quickly gone! he scarcely rears  
One burning point above the mountain's head—  
And now, the last expiring beam has fled.

A. de V—.